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The Latin School Register

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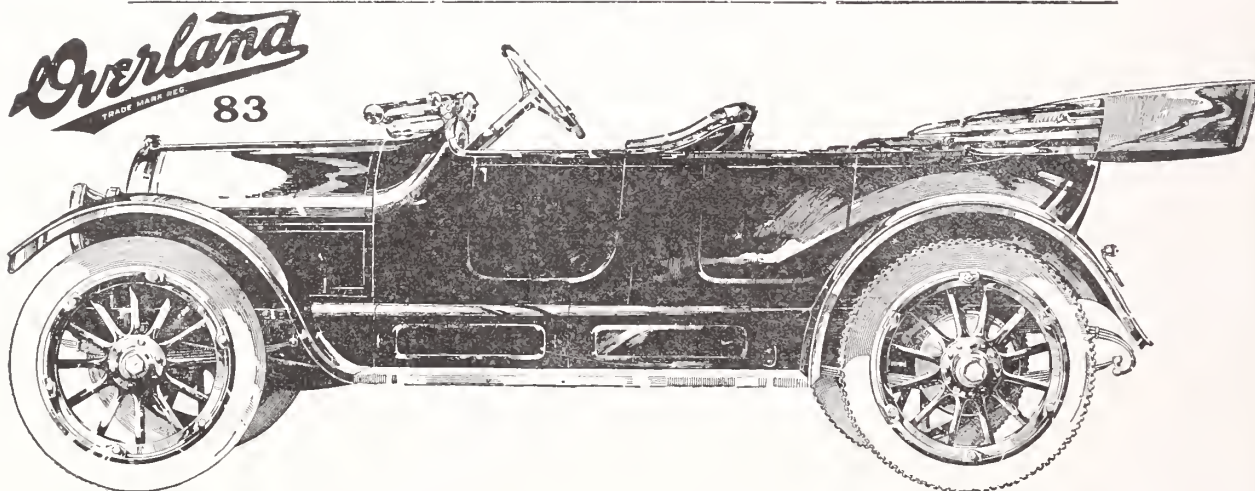
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Latin School Register

VOLUME XXXV. No. 4.

JANUARY, 1916.

ISSUED MONTHLY

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TERMS: Fifty cents per year; by mail, sixty cents. Single copies, ten cents. Advertising rates on application. Contributions solicited from undergraduates.

All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written and on one side only of the paper. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and the merits of the manuscript.

Published by the STUDENTS OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL, Warren Ave., Boston

Entered at the Boston Post Office as second-class mail matter.

Printed by ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS, 107 Day St., Jamaica Plain.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

"Arm broken, two ribs smashed, left leg scratched; — otherwise O.K." This was the extremely cheerful and encouraging verdict presented by Dr. Thompson, the kindly old Aesculapius of Severne School, after he had somewhat gingerly summed up "Doll" Valentine's injuries. Bob Valentine, Doll's big brother from Harvard, swallowed hard.

"H'm. Quite cut up, eh, Doctor?"

"The young man was extremely fortunate to escape so easily. He narrowly missed something much more serious."

Little Boy Blue, as he was known to his many chums at Severne, slowly opened his very deep, blue eyes, and turned his curly, black head toward the much admired big brother from the Varsity. He smiled faintly, and one long-lashed eye-lid fluttered comically.

"Gee whiz!" ejaculated Doll's roommate, Gerald Mansfield in genuine admiration. "Isn't he a game one?"

Brother Bob's deep chest expanded with pride.

"Well, I guess! Be good to Doll, won't you, Gerald? I've got to get back now. So long, kid!"

As the door closed behind Dr. Thompson and Bob Valentine, Gerald sat down upon the edge of Doll's bed and watched the younger boy as he slept, breathing slowly and rhythmically. Already, the pink was returning to his cheeks and he looked less worn and white than he had since that fall on the ice. Yes, Doll certainly looked much better, and Gerald was glad.

It had happened in the annual hockey match between Severne and Marshall Academy. Valentine was playing with the school team. The ice was in poor condition, and by some queer accident he had slipped upon the rough surface, and had received the injuries above mentioned.

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Hugh Valentine was a remarkably handsome and attractive lad. He was a sophomore at Severne, and he intended to follow his brother's footsteps at Harvard upon finishing his prep. school course. His perfect physical characteristics had gained for him the nick-name of "Doll." He hated the appellation with all his might ; nevertheless, it seemed quite certain to stick during his career at Severne. Because of his large, blue eyes, in combination with a mass of curling black hair, he was sometimes referred to as "Little Boy Blue," which occasioned, if possible, even more wrath than the other slight to his manhood, as he was wont to regard it. Despite his rich allotment of irresistible charms, the young lucky star was a boy throughly. As Coach Dow often remarked, Doll was a one-hundred and twenty-six pound bundle of muscle, and live wires, — about two thousand volts.

Gerald Mansfield, Doll's room-mate, was *the* track star at Severne. He held the Schoolboy Championship of his state for middle-distance running, and yet, with all his track prowess, Gerald easily maintained a remarkably high scholarship. This was the cause of much wonder among his friends, who could not understand how a fellow who seemed to give his whole heart to athletic activities, might also prevail in his studies. He was a tall, slight fellow, with dark hair and pleasant features. Gerald Mansfield was a great favorite among the Severne boys, and Coach Dow was strongly attached to him.

Several days after Doll's mishap, as he and Gerald were discussing Severne's athletic prospects in their pleasant, little south-wing room, he said suddenly:

"Say, Gerald."

"Uh-huh."

"Did you get into trouble with Rocks to-day?"

"No,—yes. Why, who told you?"

"Phil Davidson dropped in at noon and said that Rocks caught you passing a note or something."

Gerald's brown eyes blazed. "Well?"

"I don't believe it, Gerald."

"Thank you, Doll." Gerald looked grateful. "Of course, you know how this school is run — on the good old honor system. Well, Rocks thought he saw me passing a note during the Science Test, and he called me a sneak before the class ; wouldn't take it back, either."

"But, Gerald, why didn't you tell him about it?"

"Couldn't. You see, I really did take a note."

"I don't understand."

"Dare say," said Gerald laconically, and a bit sharply. "I shan't tell you, either."

"Oh, I see. You must have done it to shield some fellow."

But Gerald's brown eyes were fixed on his Greek text.

* * *

"Mansfield ! Gerald Mansfield wanted at Gym !"

As the summons boomed out over the campus from Leighton Dormitory, Gerald turned from the group of friends with whom he was talking, in time to see Coach Daw's large megaphone retreating through a window. With an unnatural indifference, never before seen in this usually alert and willing fellow, he sauntered casually across the campus, and entered the red brick gymnasium building. At the lockers, he was met by Coach Dow, otherwise known as "Rocks," who stood up impatiently.

"Look here, Gerald, you've never been late to practice before. What's the

trouble? You've delayed the work."

Gerald shrugged his shoulders.

"I was talking outside."

"Eh? Talking! You have never shown this indifference before. Don't let me see it in your work today. Now, run along and get your things."

Severne's coach watched Gerald, as, with the same ease with which he had crossed the campus, he strolled into the locker-room and started to dress. As he saw the boy's spirit, his lips compressed tightly, and he abruptly left the lockers.

"On your mark!" "Get set!" — Coach Dow's experienced eye instantly saw Mansfield's loose form on the line.

"Gerald! Get out!"

At the crack of the pistol the runners sped down the track. Gerald Mansfield was not with them.

"Now, Gerald, I want an explanation at once. What's wrong?"

Gerald looked the coach fearlessly in the face.

"I've been called a sneak!"

"Mansfield, you needn't report for practice again until I sent for you. I refused to be blackmailed into taking back my remark. You are a sneak, and — a sore-head!"

Coach Dow was at all times a plain spoken man. He was upright and honorable in the extreme, and had acted upon his honest and reasonable conviction. He saw fully the blow to be sustained by Severne's track in the loss of Mansfield, and felt no less deeply his own sorrow at losing Gerald as a friend.

Gerald turned slowly away and entered the lockers to take off his track uniform, perhaps for the last time. As he opened the door of Room 32, Leighton House, a few moments later, Doll noticed his despondency.

"What's wrong now, old fellow? More trouble with Rocks?"

For some reason, Gerald resolutely refused to discuss the affair with Doll, who took such whole-hearted interest in his room-mate's welfare.

It was the day of the great indoor meet between Severne School and Marshall Academy. Doll, his fiery little spirit brimful of enthusiasm, had insisted that he be allowed to attend the event, and Dr. Thompson, after having expressed his misgivings rather strongly, had consented. Thus it was that Doll, sat in the large balcony of the Gym, now and then shouting down encouragement to the Severne boys.

Gerald Mansfield's heart was far heavier than his young friend's, as he watched Coach Dow shaping up Severne's runners.

Bob Edwards had been put in his place in the 440 yd. run, and Gerald told himself that Bob's showing was far inferior to that he could have made. As Edwards came over the tape a bad loser in the event, Gerald accidentally caught the coach's eye, and smiled. How easily *he* would have secured first place! Just then he remembered the true Severne spirit. Gerald flushed hotly, and the smile died from his lips. What right had *he* to gloat upon a companion's failure?

Coach Dow's brow was deeply furrowed. The meet had gone hard for Severne, chiefly because of the poor showing made in the middle-distances. Davidson was about to compete in the 600-yd. run for Severne. As he took his place on the starting line, Dow's worried expression partially vanished. Davidson was a crack man, and his event practically decided the meet, but what if Davidson failed to come up to the

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coach's expectations? He was not always steady. Coach Dow was a man of action.

"Mansfield! Slide into your suit, take Davy's place and run your head off!"

The sharp command fired Gerald's indignation. *He*, Gerald Mansfield, do this for the man who had insulted him? Then Gerald's eye rested upon a small, pathetic looking little figure, perched upon the balcony. Black, curly hair, two red lips, and two very deep blue eyes; and eyes that snapped a challenge he could not resist.

"On your mark!" "Get set!"
Crack!

* * *

"Mansfield first! Edwards second!"

* * *

Coach Dow patted Gerald's back. "Yes, I know it was hard, Gerald; but you did it for the old school, the best school in the world. Doll told me all about it, and I'm sorry, so sorry!"

Gerald blinked. Yes, he had done it for his school, the best school in the world, and for, — Little Boy Blue.

E. G. F. '18.

FUR FARMING.

Within the last few years there has sprung up an industry which is odd and peculiar,—the business of fur-farming. I believe that it first started in Prince Edward Island, and from thence has spread to the other Canadian Provinces and some of our northern states. The most valuable animal that can be raised is the fox, — black, silver black, and cross being the varieties used. Although many people have heard of raising foxes, but few know that even more men are starting farms with skunk, mink, and even some other of the wild fur-bearing animals.

Let us consider the foxes first. They are usually very hard to catch. They may be captured in traps, but that is a very difficult way, or they may be dug from their dens while young. This last way is, I believe, against law. However, supposing a man has, by hook or crook, gotten a couple of foxes, with which to start a farm, let us see how he will equip it. First of all a large enough enclosure is marked off, and a high, strong fence is built, for foxes are too valuable to be carelessly left unprotected. Inside of

this is built a wire fence which is sunk into the ground and within this is still another fence built in the same manner. All this is necessary, as foxes could dig themselves free if not thus prevented. In the middle of the lot a hole is dug, big enough to contain a box to serve as a den for the animals. From this a tunnel-like arrangement with one or more "elbows" or crooks in it is put out to afford the foxes access to the improvised den. The crooks are put in the "tunnel" to help make the den darker.

After a farm has been started, nothing remains but to care for the animals. They are fed much like dogs, requiring, perhaps, more meat. They will ordinarily raise about four pups a year. Almost all of these are kept for breeding or sold to others who wish to start farms. At the present time a prime silver-black fox pelt in the best of condition would sell for about a thousand dollars, and fur is very low because of the war. A pair of live foxes, with good fur and in good health would bring many, many times that. There have been many companies formed which issue stocks, and many

people believe that it will prove to be a profitable investment.

Having learned about foxes, let us turn our attention to the less known work of raising skunks and minks. Most people remember the former by certain odors. A friend whom I know claims that the animals are odorless as long as they are handled gently and not frightened. There are two varieties of the skunk, the short-striped and the long-striped. The former is the less common and more valuable. The mink is a small, brown, wiry animal, with exceedingly sharp teeth and jaws with the tenacity of a bulldog. The two animals are usually raised on the same farm as both can be cared for in nearly the same manner. These creatures are, as a rule, caught in

fox traps ; minks are sometimes gotten in steel traps with the teeth padded to prevent any serious injury to the animal. In most cases they are kept in pens of suitable size in some building specially built for the purpose. The skunks are fed green food, milk, bread, and meat ; while the mink subsides almost entirely on meat which must be absolutely fresh. The skunks raise about ten young ones a year, although one or two are usually lost by sickness or by fighting, in which latter they indulge quite often. I once saw one with one eye entirely out and the other eye nearly gone. The minks raise but a couple each year. They are very timid and, as a whole, harder to raise than the others.

Blue Nose.

A BUTTERFLY HUNT.

My chum and I had a fair representation of New England butterflies, but there was one species which we particularly desired. It is a large, handsome butterfly, with five inches of wing expansion, the fore-wings an orange-brown covered with a network of black lines and dots and margined with black ; the hind wings a deep, steel-blue, covered with yellow splashes. On the under-side, the fore-wings have the same marking, but the brown becomes lighter ; in the hind wings, however, the blue changes to dark, sepia-brown and the yellow splashes become silver crescents. This is an actual butterfly, the *Argynnis idalia* of naturalists. It is one of the few butterflies which have differently colored fore-wings and hind-wings.

We had heard that this species has been found at Wellesley and at East Weymouth. As my chum had some

knowledge of Weymouth and as it is nearer than Wellesley, we decided to go there and try to capture a few specimens. We learned from the books that they fly during August.

Accordingly, we started early one bright August day, and took the car for Weymouth. The route was very inviting and we were tempted to get off and collect several times by the appearance of large numbers of butterflies, but we did not see any *Idalia* and so we kept on.

We left the car at Thompson's Corner, a small place with a few stores. We had read that the *Idalia* frequents low, marshy land, and as my chum remembered such a place, we started for it. After five minutes' walk, we reached a long meadow, densely covered with clover around the edge, and with several ditches, waist-deep, running through it. One had to be very careful about these

ditches, for the tall grass so completely covered them, that one was apt to stumble into them when chasing a butterfly.

The middle of the meadow is more swampy, covered with tall, rank grass and fringes of alders along the edge of the ditches. At some points on these ditches we could see small clusters of swamp-milkweed, which were a glad sight to us, for they are infallible butterfly attractors. We got out our nets, fitted the joints together, and started across the clover-stretch.

We crossed this and entered the swampy ground. I was having trouble with my net and I could not look around much when I heard my chum shout, "An Idalia! An Idalia!" I looked up quickly and saw a large, tawny butterfly gliding through the air, lazily and grandly. It was some distance to the left of me, but, throwing down my handle, I seized the rim of my net and rushed

after it. Just as I got near, it lit in the grass, a most unusual proceeding, for it usually lights on flowers. I almost fell on it in my eagerness and I had the intense satisfaction of hearing its wings beat rapidly against the inside of my net.

My chum came running up and his delight was almost as great as mine. "If there is one," said he, "there must be more." We proceeded to the center of the swamp keenly alert for more, and on the swamp-milkweed, we had the satisfaction of getting nine more, before we left, of which four fell to my net.

I count that as one of my most pleasurable days and aside from the fact that I thrust one leg into a ditch up to my knee, I enjoyed it very much. Every time I open my box of Fritillaries and see those five beautiful Idalia, I remember that brilliant day, in a long, open meadow, and a cry still sounds in my ears, "An Idalia! An Idalia!" P. S. R. '16

AN INCIDENT OF THE SEPOY MUTINY.

"Well, Colonel, tell us a story!"

This remark was made by a guest at the party of Lord George Northville, a retired army officer. After thinking of his numerous adventures in India, Lord Northville, who had served for many years in the Indian army, told the following story:

"It was during the mutiny of the Sepoys that the following remarkable adventures occurred:

"I was a lieutenant then in one of the two companies stationed at Dehra, about fifteen miles from the city of Delhi. When the Sepoys broke out into mutiny in our village, they burned all the huts except the house of the commanding officer, in which we were besieged. The com-

manding officer's house was situated about in the center of the village and surrounded by a palisade. As I was the only one there who could speak Hindustani, I was chosen to attempt an escape and bring help. The rest, who consisted of only fifteen men, said that they could hold out for about a week.

The next night was dark and the sky was clouded. This night I selected for the attempt. I disguised myself in the Sepoy dress with the aid of my Hindu servant, who had remained faithful, and about midnight I walked to the rear of the palisade. With the good wishes of my comrades ringing in my ears, I lowered myself over the palisade after my servant.

After crawling forward about fifty yards we reached the first Sepoy outpost. Then I lay down for a few moments to quiet my nerves. Fortunately, at that moment the sentinels were being changed, and, crawling nearer, we followed the returning sentinels into the camp.

Here and there fires were scattered about the camp, around which the Sepoys were either sitting or lying. The glare of the fires lighted up the camp, but as guards were not stationed at the rear, the Sepoys having nothing to fear from that direction, we soon left the camp far behind.

After walking for about two miles, we lay down for our night's rest. I do not know how long we slept, but when we awoke, we found ourselves surrounded by a band of men. They did not suspect that I was a white man for after answering a few questions put to me by a tall, fierce looking man, we were given some food. Then the man who had questioned me, being evidently their leader, commanded his men to put us in their midst, and in this way we began a journey toward I did not know where.

After our walking until noon, the country became mountainous and hilly. Here and there large rocks were scattered and in a few minutes we came to the foot of a high mountain. The band continued on its way up a steep and narrow path leading up the side of the mountain. In about a half hour we reached a camp high up on the mountainside where the band was welcomed by the shrill cries of joy from their women and children.

When I looked around, I saw that my servant was making friendly advances to the bandits. To my surprise, I was placed in a cave while my servant was left free to go where he pleased. This desertion angered me very much.

The cave was a dark and dismal place with water dropping from the roof upon the floor. In the floor were ruts which the water had worn out from the solid rock by dropping for centuries upon the same place. At the back of the cave a precipice dropped down to the ground below. Its height was about seventy-five feet and there was no way of climbing down it, as I soon saw, because the sides were as smooth as glass, not even a fly being able to stand on it. A guard was placed before the cave to watch me lest I escape during the night.

My meal was brought to me in the evening by one of the women. It consisted of a few rice-cakes, and a bowl of soup. As I bit into one of the cakes, it fell in two pieces, disclosing to my astonished eyes, a small piece of paper upon which was scribbled in English, "Be awake at midnight, Sahib." I now understood my servant's cunning and his seeming desertion. Though bursting with excitement, I lay down as if asleep.

About midnight, hearing a slight noise at the front of the cave, I rose and rushed to the opening. There I found my servant with his hands around the guard's throat and his foot in the small of the guard's back who was vainly endeavoring to shout. The guard was soon bound by the rope which I took from my companion's pocket. We gagged him with my handkerchief and dragged him into the deep recesses of the cave.

Taking a rope about a hundred feet long from his blouse my servant gave it to me. I knotted it at intervals of about ten feet and then, tying it to a rock which jutted out from the cave, I slid down it to the ground below. My servant was soon with me at the foot of the precipice and we again set out to look for help.

It seemed, however, as if we had only

gone from "the frying pan into the fire," for we had proceeded only a short distance when we fell in with a regiment of Sepoys hurrying to share in the loot of Delhi. We were forced to join them and continued on our way in their company.

We had not gone far when we perceived the camp-fires of a few companies of white soldiers advancing to reënforce the garrison at Delhi. My servant and I gradually worked our way to the edge of the band and soon succeeded in escaping. We hurried to the English encampment and told them of the coming attack. "Forewarned is forearmed," and when the Sepoys attacked, they were met by a withering fire which soon dispersed them.

I then told the commanding officer our story, and the little command, facing about, hurried to the aid of the besieged officers at Dehra. We arrived about three o'clock in the morning.

The Sepoys were unprepared for an attack and when we suddenly fell upon them they ran; and we soon captured some and routed the rest. We were hailed by hearty cheers from the rescued officers. We rested there until morning, when we advanced to Delhi.

For this service I later received a commission as captain, and my servant was recommended for the Victoria Cross, which he received."

The deep silence which succeeded this exciting narration, was broken by the colonel.

"Mharab!" he called.

An old Indian entered the room and asked in a questioning voice, "Sahib?"

"Here, my friends," said the Colonel, "is my companion in the dangers I underwent that day."

M. D. }
E.R. } 1918

LIMITED 27.

The Philbrook Limited shares the best Pullman service on the P. O., and W. with the Blue Ribbon Express. Reaching their respective destinations at 8.34 A.M., these trains assume their sisters' names on the return trip.

The poor little worn-out line, until now almost forgotten except for its debts, brightened up considerably with the Exposition travel that summer, and the despairing officials seized at the hope that perhaps some of the present trade would prove permanent. In the effort to gain good-will they had used every possible means to insure the best service on the largest two daily expresses. Until now they had accomplished this, but how long they would succeed was a question.

The time passed, oh! so slowly, for the way-station agents, who, isolated at the few stops among the irrigated lands, had little to do but record the passing of each train, and telegraph, the next operator of its arrival. Except for the large fall grain shipments, these stations could not have paid for themselves.

With few people to talk to all day long, Phil Crawford found it so hard to put in his time, that he began to study law. If his job had been monotonous before, the law books did not make it less so now, and Phil, but a few years away from the Harvard Stadium, longed for some lively activity.

* * *

The 517 local had passed, and after

sending news ahead of its coming, Phil "opened up" with Pat McEwen at the next station. They had already twice told each other the weather conditions that day, and Pat, was evidently not inclined to keep it up. Phil swung around around in his chair and yawned. "Limited'll be here soon," he thought as he stretched his athletic five feet eleven in the doorway and looked out on the fields of crops nearly ready for harvesting. Far to the right Bill Hawkes was urging his two husky mules to greater endeavor. Down along the track, engineer Evans, was shifting a few cars to the platform for the first grain shipment. Except for the chugs of the engine all was silence.

"Yes, that's the whole trouble," thought Phil. Old Crusoe had a better time, I'll bet. I wish I'd taken that position on the C. and M. There's no reason why I've got to stay on this infernal road if Dad *did* carry his dinner pail here. Still, he made good."

Evans' ramshake shifter pushed three empty cars down the grade on the main track toward the switch on the other side. Then when the cars had crossed over onto the siding — the engine blocking the main track, this relic of better days tried to imitate the "One Hoss Shay." The cylinder blew out, and at the same time the driving rod snapped. Hissing and sputtering, the pile of scrap groaned its last.

Alive to the danger, Phil ran to the telegraph and called McEwen.

"Has Limited passed yet?" he ticked.

"Just gone!" came the answer.

Phil thought of the Limited rushing toward the shifter across the track — the wreck — the groans — the dying.

The 5.23 was almost due in the opposite direction. It might be late! He called

the agent down the line.

"Due you in minute," was the reply.

Instantly Phil caught up his flags, and ran to Evans.

"Here, quick!" he shouted, "you've plenty of time to flag her across the bridge on the up track. I'll stop No. 3!" Then with a shrill whistle he called to Hawkes in the field, who, seeing his frantic motions, started madly to drive up his mules. The instant he knew Hawkes had seen him, Phil was off down the track toward the express. He ran wildly, blindly, — stumbled — caught himself — and ran on. As the engine turned the curve, the engineer saw him. The train slowly came to a stop, and the crew jumped out to find out the matter; but as swiftly as he had run down, he raced back to the broken engine. The trains must not lose time — the road must not fail!

"Hawkes!" he yelled, "hitch up your mules to the shifter. They can pull it down that grade — they've *got* to!"

Quickly they hitched the mules to the little engine; they had the crew to help them now.

Evans must have flagged the Limited by this time, thought Phil. But had he? He had started off on a run and may have stumbled, fallen, — what then?

— A whistle! Just before the bridge! Evans had failed! Feverishly they worked — not for time now, but for life! The men pushed; Hawkes lashed the mules; on a down grade they ought to pull that load with all the men to help. They wouldn't budge!

— Another whistle, this time across the bridge! In desperation Phil ran to the water tank, seized the hose, and threw the full force of the stream upon the mules. Surprised, startled, they strained pulled frantically, desperately. The

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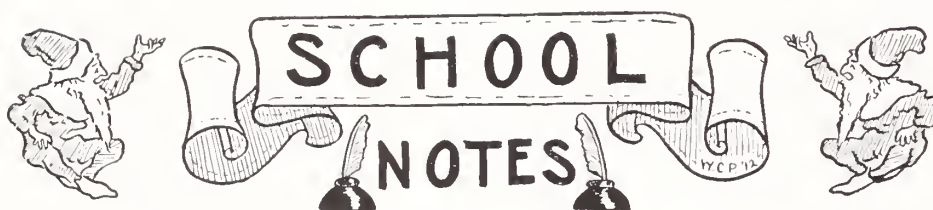
shifter moved — gained momentum on the incline — and rolled off on the siding. — Another whistle! the Limited was rounding the turn.

The switch is locked; and with a rumble, a clang and roar the Limited

sweeps past — safe.

* * *

Philip Crawford, now division superintendent, is too modest to tell this yarn on himself.



To all the masters and pupils of the school go out our heartfelt wishes for the merriest of Christmases and the happiest of New Years. With our wishes go also prayers for real, old-fashioned, snow-enfolded Christmas weather. In this New England of ours, there is just as much chance of Christmas Day's being of such a character as to remind us of late April or early May as there is likelihood that on that day there will be even a faint semblance of snow and frost. Therefore do we call upon Eurus, and Notus, and all the gods of storms and winds, to bring to us on Christmas day weather in the general scheme of which turbaned "tobogganers" and tasseled skaters will not be wholly out of place.

* * *

So many remarks have been made recently upon the fact that the *Register* does not conduct a so-called "Exchange Column," and we have been the recipients of so much interested questioning and well-meant advice in this connection,

that it seems to us to be high time that we stated once and for all our position in the matter.

The *Register* is most emphatically opposed to the establishment of an Exchange Column as one of the regular departments of this paper. Our reasons for our stand in this case are clean-cut and positive, as we shall endeavor to show.

In the first place, we do not believe that high-school students are well enough qualified to act as critics upon the qualities of another paper. While we realize that all criticisms are offered, and are probably received, in a spirit of friendliness and companionship, we hardly think that the advantage to be derived from such criticisms is so great as to justify immediately the practice of including an Exchange Column in the form of every school paper.

It is rather a bald statement to say that the comments we have observed in "exchange columns" in school papers

are, as a rule, indicative of lack of ability to judge effectively the merits or faults of contemporary school publications. Nevertheless, in view of the great number of examples of this apparent incompetency that we can call to mind, we feel justified in making such an assertion.

For instance, consider the following bits of comment that we have observed in the exchange columns of two school papers. The paper under discussion was the same in both these cases.

"G.H.S. — All the departments are handled well." ——— *High School*.

"G. H. S. — Taken as a whole your magazine lacks 'pep' ; it could be made more attractive by a few interesting stories." ——— *High School*.

Here are two bits of comment concerning the same issue of the same paper, that are as different in character as any two things could possibly be. One of these critics is wrong ; the other is right. Or, indeed, they may both be wrong. Would not this seem to be an example of the incompetency we have spoken of?

Again, we do not regard the indiscriminate criticism of one paper by another as being always in the best of taste. For instance, we observed the following comment in a certain school paper :

"Your jokes seem to us to be rather ancient, and, in some cases, entirely pointless. Why don't you see if you cannot build up and improve this part of the paper ?

To us the above remark seems blunt almost to the point of insulting. Imagine the feelings of the joke editor of the paper criticized when he read this caustic bit of comment on the jokes upon which he had spent hours of energy and effort ! Furthermore, in this case the criticism seemed particularly out of place, for the simple reason that the following month the criti-

cizing paper was itself criticized for the alleged "inadequacy" of its joke department !

Oftentimes we observe criticisms that display the greatest lack of perception and insight imaginable. For instance, in a certain profusely illustrated private-school paper of thirty-two pages or more, which was undoubtedly supported by special appropriations, in addition to the revenue obtained by charging an excessively high price to the members of this private school, all of whom were of wealthy families, we observed this comment concerning the paper of a very small out-of-town high-school :

"Your paper, it seems to us, is entirely too small. Why don't you add more pages to it and publish more photographs and cartoons ?"

Could anything be more foolish? It is hard to realize that anyone should be so unperceptive as not to realize that the financial resources of a small, out-of-town school paper are of necessity very limited, and that the expense of having a larger number of pages and the enormous engraving bills heaped up as the result of publishing a great number of "line-cuts" and half-tone plates would at once prove unsupportable for a "small-town" paper. Does it help any to have one's "poverty" thrown in his face ?

These are our reasons for emphatically refusing to establish an "exchange column."

* * *

The *Register* this month introduces to its readers a new feature that will appear in all subsequent issues of the paper.

This is a *Monthly Calendar*, which will give a list of the events expected to take place in the month following the appearance of the issue in which the list of events is contained.

* * *

One of Houghton and Mifflin's recent publications was a book by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, B. L. S. '49, entitled "The Training for an Effective Life." The volume is composed of five speeches by Dr. Eliot to newcomers at Harvard between 1904 and 1912, one to a boys' school, and one to the Associated Harvard Clubs at St. Louis.

* * *

John H. Huddleston, M. D., B. L. S. '86, died from pneumonia on Oct. 30. Dr. Huddleston was Secretary of the Harvard Class of '90. He had given special attention to preventive work in tuberculosis and was a trustee of the New York State Hospital for Incipient Tuberculosis. He was chairman of the employees' welfare committee of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, of which he was a director, and a trustee of the New York Academy of Medicine.

* * *

For the last few years the *Register* has felt impelled to express to Mr. Jones of Room 11 heartfelt thanks for his kindness in securing many items relating to the doings of the alumni. This year, also, Mr. Jones, by virtue of his activity in securing alumni notes for the paper, deserves the whole-hearted thanks of the *Register* and the school.

* * *

On the morning of December 6 the school was honored by a visit from Mr. Joseph W. Chadwick, a former head of the Latin Department in this school. Mr. Chadwick is a stranger to most of the boys now in the school, for he retired as a teacher shortly before the majority of the members of the present first class

entered. He is, however, far from being a stranger to the present members of the faculty, and to these his return to the old school was especially pleasing.

On the Harvard Club committee appointed to make preparations for a banquet to be given to the members of this year's victorious Harvard eleven were two Latin School men,—Mr. Bertram G. Waters, '90, and Mr. William Edmonds, '96.

* * *

Among those recently elected to the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard were two Latin School boys,—Henry W. Carpenter, '12, and Lewis Wall, '12. No other preparatory school had more than one representative among the new members.

* * *

At the annual meeting of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, an organization limited to a membership of 250, including that of American Academy of Arts and Letters, limited to 50, that was held in Boston recently, Judge Robert Grant, '69, was elected to membership in the department of literature. James Schrodey, B.L.S. '54, and Mr. R. S. Peabody, B.L.S. '61, were already included in the three departments of membership in the Institute.

* * *

On Monday, December 13, some of the companies of the school regiment were addressed by Captain George S. Penney, Co. M. 8th Infantry, M.V.M. Captain Penny has recently been officially created instructor in military drill for the Boston Schools, and two regiments of cadets have been placed under his special supervision.

Among the Clubs.

THE NATURAL HISTORY CLUB

Another month has passed and witnesses a pleasing increase of interest in the Natural History Club. Two more branches of the subject were taken up in the two meetings which were held.

On Tuesday, Nov. 16, Bergman gave a talk on "Butterflies of Eastern Massachusetts." Slides were shown on the screen and many beautiful specimens exhibited; the speaker also added many pleasant anecdotes.

Tuesday, Dec. 7 took us back to the very beginning of things, for Mr. Henderson told us about "Rhizopods," the very lowest form of life. Tiny shells perfectly formed, and invisible to the naked eye were shown under an extremely powerful microscope; and much wonder was expressed at the tiny "beasts"—"sans head, sans legs, sans everything." Mr. Henderson held the interest of everyone with his graphic description, and has the thanks of the club for his kindness.

An average attendance of twenty-five was found at these two meetings. Does it not seem as if such interesting and broadening subjects merit a larger number? This is a rhetorical question and as such needs no answer. Anybody who has been to one of the lectures will surely attest that it was worth the time of attendance. At the next meeting, to be held the first week of January, let there be even more present to encourage the speaker, and assure him that *his* time then and in preparation has not been wasted.

W. A. D., '16.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

Speaking of clubs, let no one forget that our Dramatic Club is by no means backward in its progress. A two-act comedy entitled "The Turn in the Road," has been chosen by the club. This is a delightfully clever little sketch of life at "Colton University," woven around the story of a lost cow and the debts of a multi-millionaire's son. We expect it will be a case of "come early and avoid the rush," when the sale of tickets starts. Mr. Levine, who is managing the club, has decided upon Potter '16, Denker '16, Ryan '17, and Coburne '17, for some of the leading roles.

Members of the various classes, whose names will be announced later, will have minor parts. Where the play will be given, has not been decided yet, as a recent law forbids its being presented in the Exhibition Hall of the school.

The date (some day in the latter part of January) and the place of performance will be announced as soon as possible. A generous response is expected from the members of the school when the time comes. Mr. Levine should be complimented for his ability to start a project in so short a time.

F. C. P., Jr., '16.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

This article is aimed particularly at the Seniors. Upon notice of forming a debating society, the Juniors came in a strong body to get the advantages that they knew debate and discussion would bring them; and the prospects of next year's Debating Society are very bright indeed. Now, what about you, Seniors? You who are the ones to be most benefited by an organization of this kind, have sent a much smaller number of represen-

tatives. This is your last year in this school. The great majority of you are now considering in what higher institution to pursue your careers. In college it is a decided advantage in every respect to excel in some direction of endeavor. At Harvard (I take Harvard because that is where most Latin School graduates go but what I say of Harvard is greatly true of many other universities there is a Freshman debating association. Competitions are held for places in the debates against other universities; and within the last decade, Freshmen have greatly distinguished themselves by winning places on the varsity debating team. Debating is quite a prominent activity in the colleges, and there are very many opportunities for those who will excel in this direction. Besides that, it brings you into the society and close companionship of the brightest minds of your own age from all over the country. The great advantages derived in this respect are so obvious that they need no comment. Why can not you be represented in such an activity in college — an activity which not only will reflect glory upon yourself, your home and your school, but will also give you such an important preparation for life? Coming from this school, you certainly have an advantage over those coming from very many other schools. The time required for getting a foundation here under the most capable instruction is not so much as to make "I have no time" an excuse.

Mr. Southworth has the interests of this Society at heart; and we are very fortunate in having one as capable as he at the head of it.

This is by no means an attempt to draw you fellows in against your will. It is merely to emphasize what is being done here for your own personal advan-

tage, — and the wise one will gladly seize the opportunity.

M. S. C., '17.

A LATIN SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

It is a source of wonder that in a school of over a thousand boys we can not organize an orchestra. A school orchestra is a most essential organization to the school, and in many cases is very helpful to the boys. If you can play any instrument, come out and try to make the orchestra, just as you would go out for the football team. Don't let lack of ability hinder your coming out. Let us be the judge of that. If you think that you are not skilled enough, come out and get some help. If you think that you are too good, come out also. You cannot receive any harm, and you may be able to assist in training some beginners.

Think of how many entertainments we give to our relatives and friends. Think of how much nicer it would be to be able to furnish some orchestral selections ourselves. Think of you how proud you will be to belong to the Latin School Orchestra. It is for you fellows to give your talent to the school when she is calling for it. There will be good instruction and good benefits derived. Hand your names in at once, and let us have once more a Latin School Orchestra!

H. L. S. '17.

THE MANDOLIN CLUB

Now that the Mandolin Club of this School flourishes, Tuesday and Friday afternoons have been decided upon as days for rehearsing. We have made excellent progress upon the selections we have tried. However, there is one drawback to the club and that is the lack of guitars. Now if there are any fellows who have such an instrument and

are able to read music, let them come to the rehearsals, which begin at two-thirty in the Assembly Hall. To join this club no fellow is expected to be an accomplished musician ; all that is asked is that he be able to read music and be willing to rehearse.

C. H. S. '16.

MONTHLY CALENDAR

The calendar which is printed below is to help, if possible, the boys who wish to know in advance what is going on among the school activities. Some of the dates cannot be ascertained ahead on account of eleventh hour changes which are made. The Natural History Club meets some time during the second and fourth weeks of the month. It is hoped to continue this and enlarge it as time goes on.

JANUARY.

Mon. 3. School opens after the vacation.
 3. Upper Class Assembly in hall.

Tues. 4. Lower Class Assembly in hall.
 Fri. 7. Third Public Declamation.
 7. Debating Club.
 7. Hockey game with Brookline High at Brookline.
 Mon. 10. Upper Class Assembly in hall.
 Tues. 11. Lower Class Assembly.
 Fri. 14. Debating Club.
 Sat. 15. Hockey game with Middlesex School at Concord.
 Mon. 17. Upper Class Assembly.
 Tues. 18. Lower Class Assembly.
 Fri. 21. Debating Club.
 Sat. 22. Hockey game with St. Mark's at Southboro.
 Mon. 24. Upper Class Assembly.
 Tues. 25. Lower Class Assembly.
 Wed. 26. Hockey game with Rindge Tech. at Cambridge.
 Fri. 28. Debating Club.
 Fri. 28. Class Meet in the drill hall.
 Fri. 28. Hockey game with Newton High at Newton.

E. A. M.

BETWEEN THE BELLS.

ON THE RIGHT ROAD

A former member of the Kentucky Legislature tells of the time that the question of permitting osteopaths to practise was a mooted one in the legislature. There were arguments pro and con until the speech of a mountaineer statesman did much toward settling the question. Obtaining recognition, he spoke as follows : "I'm in favor of letting those osteopaths practise. The homeopaths practise, the allopaths practise. All the other paths practise. And after all, we may do well to remember that, as the poet says, the paths all lead but to the grave !"

* * *

Pater :— Why don't you marry and settle down ? Now, what's the matter with Miss Richmond ?

Son :— Her past, father.

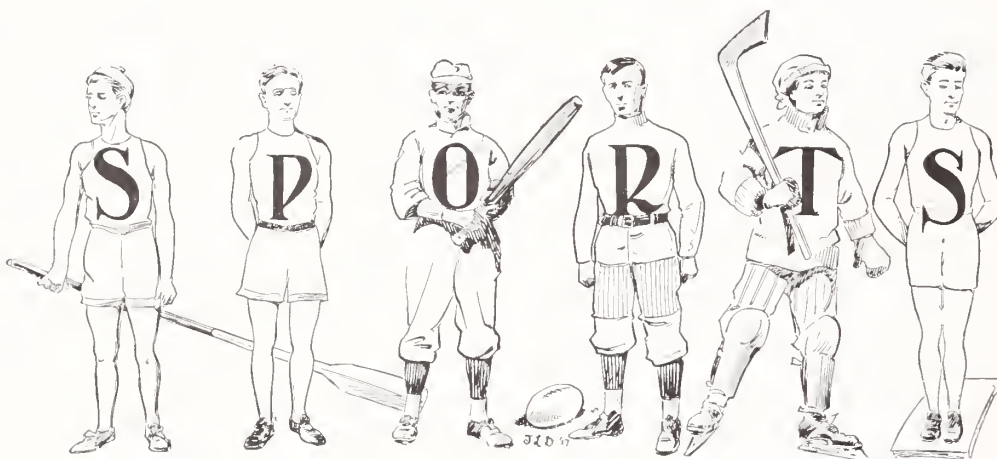
Pater :— Sir, what's wrong with her past ?

Son :— Too much of it, father.

* * *

A Canadian newspaper calls attention to an advertisement of a nursing bottle that concludes with these words : "When baby is done drinking, it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."

* * *



TRACK

For the past few weeks candidates for the Track Team have been practising daily in the Drill Hall. The Junior Division is represented by a fairly large number of promising young athletes, who should help very much in securing points for Latin School in the Indoor Regimental Meet held next March. Coach O'Brien would like to see every Junior in the School out for Track. The Juniors must never for an instant forget the fact that five points in the Junior Division is every bit as big as five points in the Senior Division in the Big Meet. It is as yet a bit early to pick out the best men,—the important thing now is for every junior to learn the fundamentals, and later on the best men will be heard from, invariably those who have paid the best attention to the coaching and have thoroughly mastered the fundamentals.

The Intermediate Division, sad to say, is as yet very feeble. We hope, however, to see a great increase in number very soon. We always have a great many Juniors who the following year ought to be Intermediates. I do not know

where they are unless by some extraordinary growth they have become too big for even the Senior Division.

On account of the rule which prohibits members of the Football Team from engaging in Track activities until after the Christmas Holidays, the Senior Division is as yet represented by a very small number indeed. The Seniors are the ones who engage in the dual meet during the year and therefore are considered as the Track Team. We must have more Seniors out if we are to succeed.

The Track Team for the last few years has consisted mainly of men from Class II. This sounds rather bad for Class I, but it is a fact. Is it because the studies in Class I are too difficult to permit one to engage in athletics or is it because proper spirit is lacking? Some few of the Class I men have proved that it is possible to run for the Track Team and at the same time maintain a good standing in their studies.

This year we want a winning team. Are YOU going to help us?

C. J. H. '16,

HOCKEY

The hockey season was initiated with a well-attended meeting in Room 14 on December 1. The football squad was especially prominent at that time, for of the thirty odd candidates more than half were this year's football men. This is certainly encouraging, and we hope that these fellows will inspire the hockey team with the same fighting spirit that has characterized our foot-ball team, throughout the past season.

Mr. Campbell and Mr. O'Brien gave brief talks. Mr. O'Brien laid much emphasis on the fact that hockey teams of Latin School in the past had been, with few exceptions, a failure, owing to lack of ice, lack of material, or lack of practice. He is hoping to see this year's team a real success. Of course, we cannot control the weather, but it is the duty of every fellow in Latin School who has any ability at all as a skater and has some knowledge, however small, of the game, to come out and see that we do not suffer from lack of material in any way. Half of the positions are open, owing to grad-

uation. We need a goal tender especially, for there are only three candidates for that position thus far.

Since no captain was elected last year, Cronin has been appointed temporary captain for 1916. By the time this number reaches its readers, practice will have started. It is intended to use the yard for practice when lack of ice prevents practice on skates. Now, you fellows who have lockers next to the lower door, beware of flying pucks!

Manager Richter announces the following schedule:

Brookline High, at Brookline	Jan. 7
Middlesex, at Concord,	Jan. 15
Boston College High (Pending)	Jan. 19
St. Marks, at Southboro,	Jan. 22
Rindge Technical, at Cambridge,	Jan. 26
Newton High, at Bare-Burn,	Jan. 28
Somerville High, at Somerville,	Feb. 2
Tufts (1919) (Pending)	Feb. 5
Stove School, at Franklin Field,	Feb. 9
Winchester High, at Winchester,	Feb. 12
Winthrop High (Pending)	Feb. 16
Open	Feb. 18
English High at Boston Arena	Feb. 25



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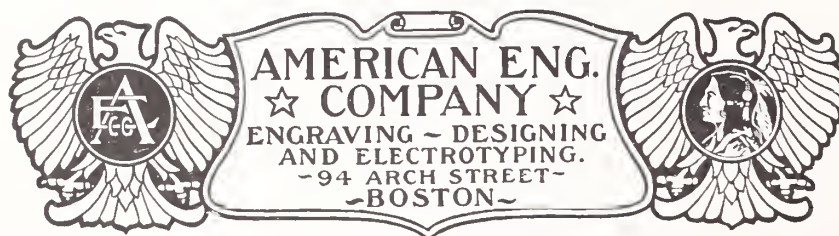
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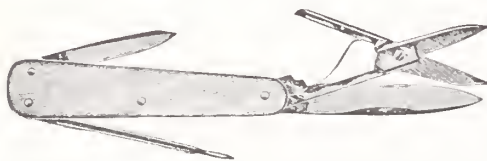
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